

# JOURNAL



1915

To

Mr. F. Arthur Walker

the Class of 1913

respectfully dedicates

this Journal



TAUNTON HIGH SCHOOL

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1915

# Tamton High School Journal

## Staff 1915

Editor-in-chief, Hubert B. Huntley

Business Manager, David Zacks

Athletics, James B. Gillon

Military, Edmund J. Flynn

Assistant Business Manager, Winifred B. Glendorf

Advertising Manager, Robert W. Mitchell

Collecting Agent, Mason S. Hayes



## Editorial

From time immemorial, graduation has been looked upon as an occasion for sadness and sighing. This attitude has been fostered (we know not where it was born) by funereal class odes, by dirge-like music, by tearful allusions from graduation speakers to the fact that the class would never assemble again, and by depressing editorials in the class journals.

In one respect, to be sure, graduation has always been a positive or creative factor. It is astounding and yet inspiring to see how, before the magic wand of the diploma, all enmities dissolve; all memories of unpleasant incidents in school days pass into oblivion. The mythical waters of Lethe could bring no more complete forgetfulness of the past. Enter the diploma, and Lo! the unpleasant passes from our memory; the delightful alone remains with us. How vastly different are the view-points of the student and the graduate!

Upon the occasion of our graduation, therefore, we must not clothe ourselves in garments of melancholy and mourning. We must seek a larger interpretation, an interpretation which shall prove an inspiring and creative force in our lives. No matter in what light we regard graduation, we have no cogent reasons for grief. Those of us who go on to higher institutions should feel no sadness; for there the same associations await us which we have always known. To be sure, other friendships will be formed; new interests will rise to take the place of the old ones. But these circumstances should serve only to brighten our outlook. Those of us who go no further but who tackle the world at once should have no time for gloomy forebodings.

We must advance, in ideals at least, to infinite heights. Each one of us is Master of his Fate. The world with all its opportunities for service is before us. Life is service. There should be no room for melancholy musings. We must let the spirit of Youth and Hope rule us now and always.

"Life has many yesterdays, but many, many more to-morrows.  
Face forward."





## Life In The Open

By CHARLES L. GOODRICH.



KNOW a spot in western Maine—"far from the madding crowd"—which is a perfect paradise. It is a product of Nature's careful moulding and friendly care. Here the fragrance of the fields and forest fills the clear, crisp air. A lake, cool and inviting, reflects the glory of the summer's day.

"The solemn pines along the shore,  
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er  
Are painted on the glassy floor."

Rugged mountain peaks, "Like huge waves petrified against the sky", surround all, excluding the world from this Arcadia.

Here, in the freedom of Nature's Wonderland, we come to pitch our tents. We swim in the lake; we try our skill against the cunning of the pickerel, the black bass, and the mighty landlocked salmon; we paddle on the lake, or the great Saco where it is but a shallow stream. The forest opens to us the pages of her own note-book. We trail the shady wood-paths where the air is filled with the fragrance of the pine and balsam, and listen to the evening call of the veery and the hermit thrush.

But we are not quite content with these pastimes. There is something we miss. We feel the call of the hills. We have been smothering the desire to get back among the mountains and "smooth it" with Nature. There is no such thing as "roughing it" when out in her woods.. So, with our packs on our backs and our blanket rolls over our shoulders, we start for the heart of the hills.

Quitting the monotonous highway, we enter a logging road which leads us far from civilization into the world of the wild folk. Just ahead a deer with her doe grazes on the tender growth. With a flash of their white stubby tails—a danger signal among them—they bounce away into the bushes. Farther on, the tote-road crosses a mountain stream by means of a corduroy bridge and winds its way up the side of a hill. A fox runs noiselessly over the leaves and stops in the path ahead. As we approach, it shyly disappears into the forest. A feeling of rest and of peace steals upon us as we penetrate deeper into the hidden mysteries of the wood. We bow with listening ear to catch the music of the pines as it blends in perfect harmony with the chords from Nature's organ—the mountain stream.

As we mount higher, the trail becomes rocky and suddenly leads out upon a ledge. The beauty of the heavens bursts upon us. Far, far above, a lone eagle soars in the wide arc of an almost perfect circle. Then suddenly like a flash he swoops to earth, and, rising with his prey, disappears around the flank of a neighboring hill. We pause a moment to gaze enraptured at the glorious panorama which spreads out beneath us. The broad rivers are now but silver threads, running with sinuous turnings through the green fields and dark woods; and far away, glistening in the brightness of the summer's sun, lies Lake Kezar. Reluctantly we plunge again into the scrub, cross the divide, and descend once more into the deep timber land where we stop to make camp for the night. We select a dry spot carpeted with pine needles and here build our lean-to.

The evening brings one of the best parts of camp life.

"Cold night weighs down the forest bough,  
Strange shapes go flitting through the gloom,  
But see—a spark, a flame, and now  
The wilderness in home!"

For it is a campers' hearth around which they sit in pure delight and tell stories in laughter and jest. Or often in the softened glow of the burning embers they sit in silent thought; it is then, when heart is open to heart, that there is revelation of all that is in truest friendship.

At dawn we are on the way to Mount Washington, the highest peak east of the Mississippi and north of the Carolinas. It is only a matter of time before we swing into Raymond path which leads to Tuckerman's Ravine. A long but beautiful trail, it passes through deep pine woods over many little mountain streams, all racing to contribute their part to the flow in the valley. By gentle grades it ascends the side of the mountain and crosses the divide between the drainage basins of the Androscoggin and the Saco rivers. Very late in the afternoon we approach the Ravine. Its splendor at sunset time, when the last ray of the setting sun spreads its veil of rose and purple light over the rugged walls of rock, can be realized only by one who has seen the sun set in the very heart of the hills. As the dark shadows are stealing through the forest and lingering light is playing on the Lion's Head, we reach Hermit Lake Camp where, weary from our long tramp, we stretch out for the night on sweet balsam boughs.

Early the next morning we start up into the ravine on our last day's tramp for the top of Washington. As we reach the floor of the ravine, we get our first clear view of the great rock barriers which bound it. On our right is the towering wall which separates us from Huntington's Ravine. To our left are the impressive Hanging Cliffs of Boott Spur; and in front rises the Head Wall, a perpendicular cliff of a thousand feet. Over its face the Falls of a Thousand Streams, glistening in the early morning sunlight, plunge in silver cascades

among the huge rocks. A little farther on we cross a brook and start to climb the Head Wall itself. Lodged among the rocks and ledges grow great splotches of yellow arnica, bluets, alpine veronica, and tiny bluebells. So many flowers, flourishing among the crags, surprise us, and we wonder, as we scramble up the path, how they ever win existence against such odds.

On leaving the Head Wall, we come out upon a grassy plateau with the cone of Washington on the right. No sooner do we begin our ascent of the cone than we are caught in drifting clouds. We thread our way carefully up by great jagged boulders, over rugged rocks, and just as the sun is breaking through the clinging clouds on the summit, we reach the crowning glory of all--the summit of Mount Washington. Awed by the tremendous expanse of territory spreading out beneath us, we sit in silent wonder.

When we return to our camp beside Lake Kezar, our trip affords us pleasant reminiscences. From following the rocky paths among the crags and along the barren ridges, far up in Nature's own workshop, we know that we have learned some of the lessons so plainly written there. We sit quietly before our tents at sunset realizing that we have received great benefit from the life lived in the open. And as--

" . . . on the breezes eddying currents, Day  
Drifts out beyond the dim horizon strand,  
And Night swims softly down the purple air,"

we feel that our vacation has been well spent.







## Class History

By RUTH L. WHITE



As we mentally review our four years in the High School, we feel that the graduates of 1915 have reason to be proud of their attainments. Perhaps no other class in the history of our school can boast of so many achievements.

Like all Freshmen, we entered High School with fear and trembling, feeling that doomsday was at hand. Terrified by our own ignorance, we wandered sadly through the corridors, awe struck by the teachers and the strangeness of the place. Our first class meeting was held in November, and the following officers were elected: President, Charles Goodrich; vice-president, David Zacks; secretary, Gertrude Lothrop; treasurer, James Gillon. Green and gold were decided upon as our class colors, and the pins were secured. Duly organized, we lost some of our terror and began to feel more at home. We could now find Room I, and decline *stella*,— at least, nearly always. By the end of the year, we had acquired so much self-confidence that we mustered up enough courage to present a gift to Miss Whittaker, our Latin and history teacher, who was called to the happy destiny of wedlock.

Those who survived exams. and vacation, returned the next year with renewed zeal. According to tradition, we now fully realized the superiority of our position as Sophomores, and made others realize it too. Our awe of the teachers had strangely vanished, and we were fresher than the freshest Freshman. This year of our school life is memorable for the banquet given for the foot-ball team, as at that time we established a custom which other Sophomore classes have continued.

Our Junior year recalls the triumph of the Class Play. With some hesitation, we presented "The Taming of the Shrew" on the night before graduation. Although this was the first time that a classical drama had been produced by the High School, the cast brought great glory to itself and to the Juniors, as the play was pronounced most successful from every standpoint.

So, with a reputation already made, we began our last year. With our exalted position, came a new dignity and new responsibilities. The burdens and tribulations of Seniors were most oppressive, but once in a while we found opportunity, in our nerve-racking struggle for a diploma, to address our neighbor across the aisle, when lo—— a new piece of statuary adorned the floor!

Many problems appeared during the year, but in time these were satisfactorily settled. In May, an important decision was reached. After spending several dinnerless noons in hot discussion, we decided, amid a storm of disapproval from conservative old Taunton, to eliminate the needless expenses which Seniors usually have to bear. We voted to have no class pictures and to simplify the dress at graduation. This radical change certainly has won us distinction.

Now, our days at High School are nearly over and graduation is at hand. Our four years spent here in comradeship have been happy ones, making us loath to part. Life is before us, and as we go forth into the world, the remembrance of the pleasant associations of T. H. S. will always bring us joy.

# The Class of 1915

The individual records are by a committee consisting of Charles Goodrich, Robert Mitchell, James Gillon, Ruth Tinkham, Marjorie Gooch, and Marion Murray.

Class Photographer: Fred J. Carr.

## Class Officers

CHARLES LYMAN GOODRICH, *President*

"Resolved to ruin or to rule the state."

Charles, our class president, registered from Cohannet. He has taken the general course, but the bulk of his time has inclined toward other activities. Charles has excelled in athletics, and served on its governing board in '14.

School Council.      Class Play.  
Capt. Co. B Cadets.    Baseball '14-'15.  
Football, '13-'14.      Journal Board.  
Military Editor of Stylus '13-'14.  
Member of A. A.



DAVID ZACKS, *Vice President*. "Dave."

"The true beginning of our end."

To cap the climax comes our vice president, "Dave." He entered from Cohannet and has, through the college course, prepared for Tufts College. As business manager of the Stylus and Journal he has helped to turn out some fine periodicals.

Magna cum laude.  
Business manager Stylus and Journal.  
Program, Class Play.  
Baptista, Class Play.





JAMES R. GILLON, *Treasurer*. "Gunga."

"His tawny beard was equal in grace

Both to his wisdom and his face."

"Gunga," our class treasurer, registered from the Bay Street Grammar School. James has dabbled in the college and commercial courses and is going to Boston University. He has served the class of 1915 well and has been for four years guardian of the class funds.

Class Play.

Athletic Editor Stylus.

Class Treasurer.

Manager of football '14.



GERTRUDE FRANCES LOTHROP, *Secretary*

"Twankie." "Gert."

"That is your sex's earliest latest care,  
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair."

From Cohannet comes another member of the Kappa Phi Delta, "Gert." The general course has demanded some studying, but it has not kept her from many good times. She deserves a medal for she has not missed one day of school in four years.

Stylus-Journal Committee. Class Play.



JOHN DAVID ANTHONY. "Cheese."

"Deeper than did ever plummet sound, I'll  
drown my book."

John came from the Weir Grammar School, and via the high school is traveling to Colby. As an athlete he is unsurpassed in this part of the state.

Football—'10, '11, '12, '13. Captain '14.

Baseball—'12, '14, '15. Captain '15.

Basketball—'11, '12, '13.

President A. A.—'14-'15.

Class Play.

SARAH ELIZABETH BASSETT. "Chick."

"With every pleasing, every prudent part,  
Say what can she want? She wants a heart."

Chick came to Taunton High from Bay Street school. Since she has been here, she has kept her classmates laughing most of the time. Through the general course she has prepared for Wheaton College.

Football Banquet Committee.

Junior Class Play.

Kappa Phi Delta.



CLARISSA FARNHAM BENNETT. "Bunny."

"Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
Which men call earth."

From the Winthrop school, "Bunny" courageously became a freshman in 1911. During her spare moments she has devoted her time to the commercial course.



CHARLES DEWEY BOLIO. "Dot."

"Oh what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side?"

"Dot" is gentle, slow, silent, always good-natured, and a very good scholar. He came from the Weir Grammar school and has since shone in every branch of the commercial course. Charles is now headed for the court reporting office in Boston. Good luck to you, "Dot!"

Cum laude.

Class Play.







JACOB BRAVERMAN. "Jakey."

"I never saw so young a body with so old a head."

"Jakey" emigrated from Russia shortly before the war broke out, joining our class in 1914. He came from the Bachmut High School, Russia. Since then he has been pursuing the Tech. course with the intention of going to M. I. T. "Jakey" has been the backstop for most of the class jokes, but his good nature has always prevailed, making him one of the most popular members of the class of 1915.



ALLEN MELVILLE BURNS. "Sleuth."

"As men of inward light are wont  
To turn their optics in upon't."

Coming from the Leonard School, Burns approached the Taunton High School with the air of a detective. Since affixing himself to us, he has spent most of his time prying into every corner of the Tech. course and is now headed for M. I. T.



HELEN ROBINSON CARPENTER.

"Sober, steadfast, and demure."

From Cohannet Grammar School came a quiet, demure, little girl, called Helen. For four years she has taken the commercial course. In fact, she has done so well that she has left us this spring for a permanent position. Fortunately she is coming back for graduation so we shall have a chance to wish her luck in her choice of work.

## VILLIA HILTON CLAPP.

"What shall I do to be forever known  
And make the age to come my own?"

Villia is one of the mainstays of the commercial course. She did not enter Taunton High School from any of Taunton's Grammar schools, but came from Rockland, Mass.



## PHILIP GERALD COHEN. "Pat."

"A prodigy of learning."

Philip blew in from the Bay Street school bringing with him the care-free air that is so prevalent among those from that part of the city. "Pat" has pulled the wool over the eyes of nearly everybody with more or less success. As a catcher, he is unsurpassed in this part of the state.

Member of A. A.

Catcher baseball 4 years.



## SAMUEL FREDERICK COLWELL. "Chick."

"Why should a man, whose blood is warm  
within,

Sit like his gransire cut in alabaster?"

"Chick" came from the Weir Grammar school four years ago. Since then his record among us has been characterized by considerable pep. Samuel was the sole editor of the Sophomore class paper, "The Warwhoop." His tendency to serve his classmen was evident through the valuable editorials published in his paper. He has been taking the commercial course.





ELLIOTT SANFORD CORNELL. "Quack."

"As proper a man as one may see in a summer's day."

"Quack," greatly interested in furthering his education, joined our class, coming from Cohannet Grammar school. He found that the Tech. course was not serious enough to prevent his playing on the class baseball team and participating in other school activities.

Assistant manager Baseball team '14.

Assistant circulation manager Stylus.



HATTIE A. CRAFO.

"Filled was the maiden's heart with inexpressible sweetness."

Hattie came to us from the Cohannet school and is now pursuing the commercial course. We don't know just what Hattie's plans for the future are, but we are sure she will be successful in whatever she undertakes.



GRAHAM HUNTER CUPITT. "Jinx."

"I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad."

Cupitt, familiarly known as "Jinx," came from Cohannet to Taunton High School. He has completed the Tech. course in three years and is headed for Tufts Dental School. His chief activity has been among the cadets, where he has been sergeant for '14-'15.

Cum laude.

## CORA ELIZABETH DAVIES. "Coe."

"She has grown aged in this world of woe  
In years but not in deeds."

"Coe" is a bright and attractive lass who consented more or less unwillingly to enter our midst from the Cohannet school. Cora in her school career succeeded so well in the commercial course that she was elected assistant in the School bank, where she looked after all the spare pennies earned (?) by the students.



## LYNTON L. DRINKWATER.

"I am always in haste, but never in a hurry."

Drinkwater came from the North Dighton Grammar School and is a member of the commercial department of Taunton High School. He has the honor of being one of the youngest members of the class of 1915.

Baseball sub.



## ELLEN MELISSA DUNN.

"Infinite inches in a little room."

Melissa came from the East Taunton School, and is one of ten highest honor pupils. Her normal course takes her over to Bridgewater and our best wishes go with her. We are sure that Taunton High school will be well represented by her.

Magna cum laude.







MARION EATON.

"Her little air of precision sits so well upon her."

Marion is one of the most studious of our class. Whether she acquired this habit at the Winthrop School or the Taunton High School we do not know, but we are sure that she will make a success at Simmons. Her completed college course gives her a fine recommendation.

Magna cum laude.



HELEN GERTRUDE EDGAR.

"Her face oh! call it fair, not pale."

Helen is a bright young lady who decided she liked High School and the general course. Before Helen finishes school she hopes to persuade the authorities that she is fitted not only to leave High School, but to go to Bridgewater Normal School.



MILDRED COOLEY FIELD. "Millie."

"Be wise today; 'tis madness to defer."

"Millie" graduated from the Lothrop School. The commercial training having been completed here, Millie will finish at the Business School before applying for a position.

EDMUND JOSEPH FLYNN. "Doc."

"I am Sir Oracle,

And when I open my lips, let no dog bark."

"Doc" entered from the Bay Street School with the rest of the infamous gang and has battled with this blot ever since. He chose the Tech. course and is now headed for M. I. T. with high honors. Believing that variety is the spice of life, he has indulged in activities other than studies.

Magna cum laude. Major cadets '15.  
School council '12-'13. Vice president A. A.  
Manager Stylus '13-'14. Manager baseball '14  
Military Editor Stylus '14-'15. Class Play.



ESTHER GODFREY. "Twinkie."

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall

And most divinely fair."

"Twinkie" hailed from Weir Grammar School and has followed the general course. She was conspicuous as a member of the committee for the Sophomore Football banquet.

Member A. A. Kappa Phi Delta.  
Cum laude. Class Play.



MARION W. GOFF.

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Marion, one of the best of the commercial students, came from the South school. At present she is not planning to go any further in school.





MARJORIE EUNICE GOOCH. "Marj."

Of the small quota from Leonard School, "Marj." is one of the few who have stayed to graduate with us. Throughout her college course she has stood well in her studies, receiving an honor for her labors. Marjorie is going to University of Maine. Although unassuming, she has been very active in school life.

Journal Board.      Class dues collector.

Class Play.      Cum laude.

Waitress Alumni Banquet '14.



WILLIAM JOSEPH GOODWIN. "Bill."

"He curses all Eve's daughters of what complexion whatever."

"Bill" joined our midst after a short stay at the Doyle Avenue School of Providence, R. I. For this we are very thankful, as "Bill" has helped to make our school life a happy one. On the class team he held down first base in good style. He has taken the college course, but is as yet undecided where he will go for further study.

Member of A. A.

Baseball team.



ZELDA GOODWIN.

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,  
And those who know thee, know all words are faint."

It's a long way from East Raynham to Taunton High School, but Zelda has traversed it nearly every day since she left the East Taunton School. She has trained for a teacher, and we hope that after graduation from Bridgewater Normal she may have an opportunity to show how much she has gained while with us.

LOIS M. GOSS. "Dot."

"Laughter holding both her sides."

"Dot" came from the Bristol Academy, and tried both the college and general courses. By means of the college course she expects to enter the Women's Horticultural College of Amoler, Pa. "Dot" rendered valuable aid in the collection of money for the football banquet. We are sure her future comrades will find her a jolly and entertaining comrade.



GRACE MADELINE GREENE. "Gracie."

"Shall I call thee bird  
Or but a wandering voice?"

"Gracie" eloped with a diploma from the South Grammar School, and has indulged more or less seriously in the commercial course. During her spare moments she has put most of her efforts on singing. Grace has sung in the semi-chorus for four years, and is now its leading soloist.

Solos at graduation and alumni.



HELEN BOSWORTH GRIGOR.

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell."

The Weir is responsible for Helen, who is one of the quiet members of the class of 1915. She has taken the general course.







SAMUEL GROSSMAN. "Sam."

"No man is the wiser for his learning."

"Sam" wandered up from the Weir Grammar School. He possesses a cheerful disposition which helps to lighten his troubles in the college course. From here Sam intends to go to Providence, if all authorities allow him to satisfy his ambition.

First Lieutenant Cadets '14-'15.

Member of A. A.



MARGARET EMILIE HALL.

"I have not loved the world nor the world me."

Another representative from Cohannet is Margaret. She has spent four years on the general course storing up knowledge for her future use. As yet she is undecided about the school to attend next year.



JOSEPH P. HASS. "Joe."

"For my voice, I have lost it with hallowing and singing of anthems."

"Joe" came from the Blanding School, and intends to keep up his activities at Massachusetts Agricultural College.

Class Representative '11-'12.

KATHARINE DEANE HAWLEY. "K."

"Red as a rose is she."

"K" graduated from Cohannet before she came to High. She struggled through the college course for three years, changing to the general course the senior year. "K" was one of the faithful members of the Junior Class Play cast.

Kappa Phi Delta. Member of A. A.  
Class Play.



ESTHER ELIZABETH HUGHES. "Hughsie."

"As merry as the day is long."

Another member of the Cohannet delegation is "Hughsie." Since she has attended school, her main object in life seems to have been to object to the length of our assigned lessons. For this happy faculty we are duly grateful. We hope that she may continue her efforts next year at Miss Capen's school.

Football Banquet. Parent's Day committee.  
Class Play. Kappa Phi Delta.

Member of A. A.



HUBERT BANKS HUNTLEY.

"For I am nothing if not critical."

Hubert entered from the Cohannet Grammar School at the head of the class, and has commanded the same position in his class at high school. The college course has demanded most of his attention, although he has found time to edit the Stylus and Journal and serve on committees.

Adjutant of Cadets '15. Summa cum laude.  
Editor of Stylus and Journal '14-'15.





MILBURN JOHN KUSTERER. "Kus."

"He is as mad as a March hare."

Kusterer joined our high school party coming from the Weir School, and has kept the spirit of the occasion at a high pitch throughout the four years. He is on his way to Colby, having finished his college preparation.



MARJORIE EMMA LEACH. "Mousie."

"Her little feet beneath her petticoat like little mice stole in and out, as if they feared the light."

Deserving of her name is this quiet, little girl who came to us from the Weir. Although you rarely hear her speak, yet when you do, listen, for it will be worth while.

Cum laude. Stylus-Journal Committee.  
Stylus Board. Member of A. A.



CLINTON S. LEONARD. "Clint."

"Arise and shake the hayseed from off thee."

"Clint" came from the East Taunton Grammar School. He has been taking the commercial course, but does not expect to go further along school lines. As a football man he greatly helped the team.

Football team.  
Class Play.

GLADYS ADELAIDE LEONARD. "Gaby."

"'Tis as cheap standing as sitting."

Our own "Gaby!" What should we have done without her to brighten our study periods and recitations? She is president of the Kappa Phi Delta, and a great supporter of school activities.

Sophomore Banquet. Picture Committee.  
Class Play. Member of A. A.  
Kappa Phi Delta.



IDA LEVI. "Topsy."

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Another contribution from Bay Street School is "Topsy." She has taken the general course, and after graduation she is planning to attend the Bristol School. May good fortune attend you, "Topsy."

Waitress Alumni Banquet. Cum laude.



MARJORIE LOUISE LEWIS. "Muggins."

"Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Cohannet donates another member, "Muggins," who has glided through four years of general course, and seems no older for her experience. Next year she is planning to attend the Skidmore School of Arts at Saratoga.

Football Banquet.  
Cum laude.  
Exchange Editor of Stylus.







LAVINA INGRID LINDQUIST.

"There is such a charm in melancholy,  
I would not be gay if I could."

Once again we greet a graduate from Cohannet. For four years Lavina has devoted her time to the general course and has succeeded so well that she is going to Bridgewater Normal School.

Cum laude.                      Football Banquet.



CHARLES EDWARD LOCKHART. "Skinny."

"Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit."

"Skinny" lives up to his name in appearance. Because of his slimness he has no difficulty in dodging the opposing football players. Charles came from the Cohannet Grammar School, since when he has taken up the commercial course.

Football Player.



ROBERT WILLIAMSON MITCHELL. "Bob."

"You may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar."

"Bob" enlisted with many others from the Cohannet School. He joined the ranks of those choosing the Tech. course, and is now on the march to M. I. T.

Member of A. A.      Class Baseball team '13.  
Class Play.              First Lieut. Cadets Co. B.  
Asst. Bus. Mgr. of Stylus and Journal.

CLIFTON ROBERT MOORE. "Clif."

"I rave and rave and they call it wit."

Moore, clown, acrobat, comedian, and general mirth promoter, came from Bay Street School to join us. With more or less joking, bluffing, and nerve he has completed his high school course and is now headed for Colby.

Member of A. A. Class Play  
Football '13-'14.



BARBARA GERTRUDE MURDOCK. "Barb."

"Come and trip it as you go.  
On the light fantastic toe."

"Barb" is a lively, young lady, the torment of her teachers and the joy of her class-mates.

Kappa Phi Delta. Class Play.  
Member of A. A.



MARION LOUISA MURRAY. "Babe."

"Fair was she to behold, this maiden of fifteen  
summers."

Our class baby floated loose from the Harvard Grammar School of Cambridge and was stranded at Taunton High School. She has been in the drift of the commercial course and is going to Simmons College. Marion's poetical and musical tendencies led her to write the words and music of the Class Ode.

Journal Board. Writer of Class Ode.  
Member of A. A.





HERBERT ARTHUR NEEDHAM. "Pudge."

"Too civil by half."

"Pudge" came from the Winthrop School. He included a two years' course in baseball besides the curriculum of the commercial course. "Pudge" leaves a hole in the infield that will be hard to fill.

Baseball '14-'15.                      Football '15.

Member of A. A. for four years.

CHARLES NICHOLS. "Charlie."

"Hold the fort—I am coming."

Cohannet provided another member of our class—Charlie Nichols. He spends time not required in the general course in running various automobiles around the city. There are probably many things Charlie does, but in the things he doesn't do lies his chief claim to popularity.



GLADYS MARION NICKERSON. "Nick."

"In came Mrs. Fezzwig, one vast substantial smile."

To our list of Raynhamites who graduated from Cohannet we add "Nick." Wherever this "Nick" is found, watch for fun, for it will surely be there. When she isn't fooling, she is preparing her lessons in the commercial course.

Kappa Phi Delta.                      Member of A. A.

HATTIE MAUDE NICKERSON. "Nick."

"I count life just the stuff  
To try the soul's strength on."

Cohannet also contributes to our numbers this young lady whom her friends call "Nick". The commercial course has taken all of her spare time so that we have not heard much from her, but all who know her can guarantee that she is good fun.



MASON SHAW NOYES. "Noisy."

"Then he will talk, good Gods how he will talk."

This curly headed bunch of sunshine registered from Cohannet. Via the Tech. course he has prepared for the M. I. T. In spite of his studious nature he found time for other activities.

Stylus '14-'15. Class team '13-'14.

A. A. '12-'13.

Journal board.



WINIFRED HELEN OLENDORF. "Winks."

"She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen."

Every morning, the Raynham car brings to us the delight of teachers and class mates, our own Winks. For a busy worker "Winks" is a wonder; leading lady in the Class Play, speaker at many high school exercises, secretary of the A. A. '14-'15, and speaker at graduation. Her destination is Brown.

Stylus-Journal Committee. Secretary A. A. Kappa Phi Delta. Junior Class Play.

Declamation at Graduation.

Assistant Business Manager of Journal.

Magna cum laude.





BEATRICE LEWIS PHILLIPS. "Betwa."

"Style is the dress of thoughts."

For four years we have had with us this calm, always proper young lady. She can laugh, but she generally prefers to watch others. As our pianist this year, she has had to endure all the discords of a very lively music class.

Pianist '14-'15.

Cum laude.



EVERETT MERLE PHILLIPS.

"Young fellows will be young fellows."

In Merle Phillips the commercial course claimed another of Cohannet's graduates. Merle believes in the commandment: "Six days thou shalt not labor, and on the seventh rest up," and has lived up to his belief.

Class Baseball team.

Class Play.



MYRTIS ISABEL PHILLIPS.

"Too busy with the crowded hour to fear to live or die."

From the Weir comes another girl whom we know as Myrtis. She has successfully completed the general course in preparation for Bridgewater Normal.



## ARTHUR EDWARD POWERS.

"A very valiant trencher-man."

Cohannet inflicted another popular member upon us in Arthur. He has plowed through four years of commercial work with success.



## WALTER GERARD POWERS. "Red."

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

"Red" is another old Cohannet man who came to High School to pursue the commercial course. One day Powers suddenly conceived the idea of turning poet, and wrote a prize song in A. A. competition.

Member A. A.



## MURIEL A. PRATT.

"She had a frugal mind."

Muriel hails from the Weir. Although she left us for a while, she returned in time to graduate with us. She has taken the commercial course and is expecting to enter the Clark Business School next fall.





WALTER FRANCIS RAYMOND. "Cap."  
"He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief."

"Cap" Raymond was one of the graduates of Cohannet Grammar School who decided to join our ranks four years ago. He enrolled as a Commercial student and succeeded so well that he is now working as assistant clerk in Cobb, Bates & Yerxa's store. He is to be with us at graduation.

School Council. Pin Committee.  
Capt. Co. A. Class Baseball team.  
Winner of Officer's Trophy '15.



BESSIE CATHARINE REAGAN. "Bess."  
"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,  
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sang."

Bay street supplies one of our most popular members in Bess. She has succeeded in the general course throughout her four years.

Sophomore Banquet.  
Member of A. A.



ELSIE RACHEL ROBINSON. "Rae."  
"Untimely grave."

Bay Street School contributes "Rae." to our list of graduates. The commercial course has been her choice while with us.

## MARY ROSE.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Mary is one of the shyest girls of the class—quiet and sedate, but always on the job. She came here from the South School and has taken the Commercial course. Although she may not be the "speediest" person in the class, still we know that "Perseverance, full many a race has won."



## JOSEPH CARLTON ROSTER. "Joe."

"He adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon by the most splendid eloquence."

Cohannet is responsible for one of our most popular members, "Joe," who is going to Colby. Roster caused quite a sensation by his article in the Stylus "The Kind of Girls Boys Like."

Football '14.                      Class Play.  
Class Baseball '13.



## HELEN E. ROUNSEVILLE.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course."

One of the few people who came to us from the Leonard School is Helen. Her four years have been spent in the commercial course from which she graduates abundantly able to begin work in an office.





EVA RUBIN. "Little Eva."

"High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."

"Little Eva" came to us after two years' work in the Chelsea High School. Since then she has been taking the commercial course in preparation for office work.



MABEL ANNA RYAN.

"All I ask is to be let alone."

Mabel is the sole applicant from Seekonk for a T. H. S. diploma. She has taken the general course while with us and has delighted us several times with readings at school exercises.



BERTHA WEBSTER SALISBURY. "Bert."

She is pretty to walk with,  
And witty to talk with,  
And pleasant, too, to think on.

"Bert" is another of the Kappa Phi Delta girls who was ushered into our exalted ranks from the Cohannet School. Although she has invested most of her time in the general course, she has yielded to other school activities. "Bert" is renowned for having been an ardent enthusiast for simplified dress at graduation.

Picture committee. Sophomore Banquet.

Kappa Phi Delta: Class Play.

Cum laude.



MARY ANNE SEARLE. "Polly."

"A type of the wise, who soar but never roam."

"Polly" is among the illustrious Bay Street Grammar School alumni. If "Polly" does as well in Bridgewater Normal as here, she will be among the first students.

Magna cum laude.



MARY PARKER STANLEY.

"Neat, not gaudy."

Among the freshmen from the Weir was Mary. Since then she has been doing her best to grapple with the difficulties of the college course in preparation for Mt. Holyoke.

Magna cum laude



WILLIAM STANTON.

William, one of the most quiet members of our class, came from the Cohannet. He has been a very devoted member of the commercial course and is always extremely good natured. Although refraining somewhat from activities of the school, he took part in the class play.

Class Play.





GEORGE WHITNEY SWIFT. "Speedy."

"Beware the fury of the patient man."

Another candidate from one of the smaller schools—Common School, Berkley, is "Speedy." He has taken the general course, and has succeeded so well that he is planning to enter Tech. in the fall.

Associate editor of Stylus '14-'15.

Magna cum laude.



MILDRED ANNA SYLVANDER. "Tilly Jones."

Mildred, alias "Tilly Jones," came to us from the Winthrop School. As a commercial pupil she has succeeded very well, and we hope that she may continue her success.

Cum laude.



RUTH FLORENCE TAYLOR.

"She was a phantom of delight."

And still they come, for Ruth is another one of Cohannet's numerous graduates. Quiet but efficient, Ruth has passed through the commercial course and richly deserves a diploma.

Cum laude.

RUTH FRANCES TINKHAM. "Tink."  
"Who thinks too little, and who talks too much."

Ruth, the secretary and treasurer of the K. of A., is another member of the Cohannet delegation. Tink has been a very active member of the class and has served on the Sophomore football banquet committee and the Stylus-Journal committee.

Evening and Sophomore Banquet committees.

Associate Editor of Stylus '14-'15.

Journal Board. Member of A. A.

Kappa Phi Delta.



ALICE PUTNAM WALTON.

"We love her for her name is Alice."

Among the few people from the South School is Alice. She has done well with the commercial course and has also had time to be a member of the semi-chorus.

Semi-chorus.

Cum laude.



RUTH LORING WHITE. "Rufus."

"Besides, 'tis known

That Latin was no more difficle,

Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

"Rufus" is another ex-Cohannet pupil. The college course has been the cause of much work for her, but it will later be of use to her at Simmons, which she will attend next year.

Cum laude.





MARION EVELYN WILLIAMS. "Mari."

"Honest labor bears a lovely face."

"Mari" is the only member of our class who came from the Anawan Grammar School. She has taken the commercial course.



JAMES HENRY WOOD. "Joe."

"Choice word and measured phrase above the reach of ordinary men."

"Joe," persuading the teachers he was competent to leave Cohannet, joined the class of 1915. He invested his time in the Tech. course. "Joe" has yielded to the call of the west and upon being graduated is going to the Pacific coast.



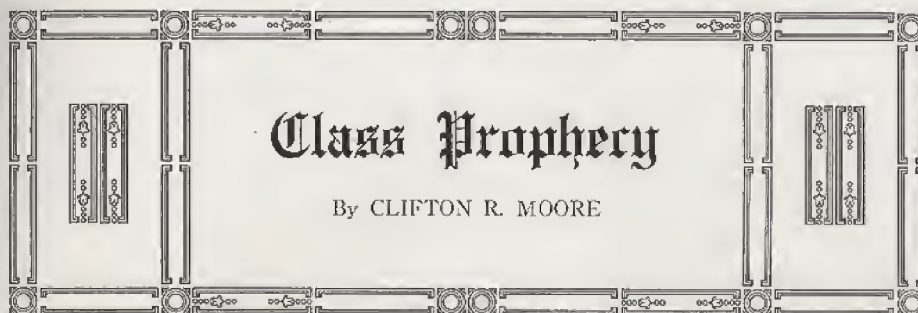
STUART WRIGHT. "Stew."

One more graduate from the Cohannet Grammar School is uncovered in "Stew." He has taken the Tech. course and is headed for the M. I. T. For four years "Stew" has walked the halls of learning as if the weight of the student body rested upon his shoulders. He has taken an active part in school life.

Assistant manager of Journal. Cum laude.  
Class Baseball team. Class Play.

Assistant manager of Stylus, 1914.





HACK! Biff! Bing!

"Get up. Come on, show a little pep and move." I yawningly got up, gave the cop who had so sweetly awakened me a scrutinizing look, and shuffled slowly off. But where was I? What strange place was this? Where did I get those dirty, bedraggled clothes? How did I assume that shambling gait? The bewildering questions raced swiftly through my brain. I had fallen asleep the night before in a comfortable armchair only to be gently rescued from the land of peace by a policeman's club.

Behind a clump of bushes I gazed upon my Nemesis, for I saw in his sturdy figure and commanding eye something familiar. Alas, my memory had gone! I was a real Rip Van Winkle! Slowly and sorrowfully I turned in the direction of a large clump of trees for solace and comfort. I gazed into an artificial lake, contemplating suicide, but behold a fierce figure lay before me in the water. What could it be? On closer examination I found that it was my own reflection. O Shades of Even, hide from me that scene. I turned and fled.

In among the trees I found a seat whereon lay two cents' worth of scandal, advertising, and general news. Some inquisitive person had undoubtedly invested his money to read something unpleasant. "Taunton Daily Gazette; June 14, 1940, price two cents; printed every day in the week and twice on Sunday; Miss Ruth Tinkham, Editor." Codfish and salt mackerel! Asleep for twenty-five years, to wake up and immediately receive news from my old comrades!

I hurriedly turned the pages to find the editorial. "And in conclusion this paper firmly believes in reform, education, and men." I turn to the front page again. "Major General E. J. Flynn calmly refutes the accusation of Admiral M. Noyes that the army is not sharing with the navy the responsibility of guarding the interests of the Taunton Ice Company in Greenland. To prove his point, Major Flynn challenges Admiral Noyes to combat on land, water, or in air, with the venerables T. Roosevelt, W. J. Bryan, and Eugene V. Debs as judges." Sharing the front page with this startling writeup was the lurid, exciting, tingling column of "Advice to Farmers, Who are and Who Aint," by Josephus P. Hass, Ph. D. O. X. Bu. L. D. D." Prof. Hass's advice was considered a great help to farmers who had gardens on the roof.

Down in the right hand corner of the first page were the weather predictions. "It will be fair today and tonight, if the storm that is heading this way changes its watery mind and camps over night in Seekonk. All further predictions of the past, present, or future may be duly received from Charles E. Lockhart, expert on stenography and other children's diseases."

The sultry breeze descends upon me unawares and opens the paper. There before my unwavering optics, in letters that could be read without the use of tortoise-rimmed spectacles, a sensational advertisement blazed forth.

"James Raymond Gillon.

Leading tragedian of the day.

Fitful successor to Booth, Forbes-

Robertson & T. Roosevelt,

Presenting

Gunn Gar Dene: or Maggie the Boiler-  
maker's Grandmother.

Thrilling scenes! Gripping plot!

Exciting climax! All star cast!

Excellent scenery. Popular Prices.

At the Park this Week."

Here indeed was something interesting. I looked down at the column headed "Behind, Before, and Over the Footlights. The play at the Park is an intensely gripping, Hindoosian drama that makes one crawl under his seat. Mr. Gillon is an actor of the finished type and with the ever-smiling Merle Phillips, the dramatic William Stanton, and the character comedian, Arthur Powers, he has an excellent cast. Miss Sarahrio Bassett, America's foremost woman tragedian, is playing opposite Mr. Gillon with the usual fire and vigor that so characterized her trip through Europe and Mexico. Marjorie Gooch, Esther Hughes, and Katharine Hawley are the other stars in this production who bid fair to dazzle the eyes of the greatest critics."

I finished reading the article in a daze. All my school mates were rising to the highest pinnacle of success while I lay asleep in the rut of laziness.

I was suddenly awakened from my dilemma by the angry voice and the merciless arm of the law. "Come on, come on, move." My Nemesis was at it again. His voice had a familiar ring; I looked into his eyes; I observed his walk; they all aided in bringing back to me the old school day remembrance of "Joe" Wood. "Don't you know me, Joe?" I cried. "None of your four-flushing," was his gentle acknowledgment of recognition. Another tap from his "Ever-ready" caused me wearily to propel my aching feet to some other location.

Out of the park to the busy thoroughfare I wandered.

"Good morning, Professor Huntley," I heard a stern voice rumble.

"Why, good morning, Governor, when did you return?" was the well-worded rejoinder.

"This morning. I shall be glad when this campaign is over. I always did object to talking too much."

"This city will be proud of you when you are placed in the president's chair," was the cheerful reply of the thin-voiced personage addressed as Professor Huntley. I turned to get a better view of the pair. Standing on the curbing was a stout, healthy man with hair slightly gray, and sharp, steady eyes. His straight figure and steady voice brought back to my memory the president of my class at High School. A president, then; about to be a president now. Before him, with hat in hand, stood the brilliant, sober-minded Hubert Huntley, with the same intelligent look as of yore. His bald head shone with radiant brilliancy in the bright sunlight. The governor stepped into his waiting Metzford; the professor entered his private library of intellectual research; I wandered slowly up the street.

"Extra! Extra!" came ringing into my ears. As the "newsie" drew nearer, I could make out what he said. "All about the great society scandal. Great Breach of Promise Case in Superior Court tomorrow." The exciting announcement thrilled me. I became filled with a desire to learn what the case was about but I was penniless and could not buy a paper. As I rounded a sharp corner, I saw an old man, blind and feeble, behind a little wooden stand covered with papers. I noticed several business-like men go to the stand, take a paper, and either pay for it or knock three times on the stand. I surmised that that was the way to get credit for the paper. I, too, assumed a business-like tread, marched up to the stand, knocked three times, took a paper, and slunk swiftly down an alley. When I assured myself of safety I immediately looked for the society scandal. I found to my amazement that Seppi Grossmutter, the noted ballet dancer, was trying to take several hundred thousand dollars from the stocking of Joseph C. Roster, world-famed author, by Breach of Promise methods. Mr. Roster was represented by Winifred H. Olendorf, the world's greatest woman lawyer. This modern Portia had a large force of skilled men and women. Gladys Nickerson, her private secretary, had just returned after studying in Siberia. The Misses Dunn, Eaton, Hall, and Leach were her chief detectives. W. Goodwin, S. Wright, and S. Colwell represented her abroad. Opposed to Miss Olendorf was Milburn J. Kusterer, Attorney General of Switzerland. His clever confederates, M. Pratt, Z. Goodwin, H. Needham, S. Grossman, and R. Taylor had been working on the case for three years. It was certain to be very exciting, and early-day romances were expected to be revealed. Judge Braverman, America's foremost judge, was to preside. Among the noted witnesses was Dr. David Zacks, the heart specialist, who would probably give an account of his treatment of the actress's broken heart. R. Godfrey, G. Lothrop, and V. Clapp were slated to tell of their own experiences and results. Mr. G. Whitney Swift was engaged by Mr. Roster to prove



that a heart couldn't be broken. Mr. Swift is a mechanical engineer of world repute and should know. The Misses Goff, Rubin, Rounseville, and Lindquist were to testify as to the plaintiff's character. The great suit case would be covered by C. Dewey Bolio, the ablest court reporter north of Myricks.

I turned from this startling news to a more quiet section of the paper to learn that the Misses R. White, M. Stanley, and M. Searle had just returned from New York where they had been teaching languages, past, present, and future in the high schools of that city. Examining the paper closely, I found that it was edited by Walter Raymond, the democratic socialist.

On the second page my eye caught the name of W. Powers. "The mayor will run again" was the heading. "Mayor Walter Powers has finally acceded to the urging of his friends to seek a seventh term. Since entering into his office, Mayor Powers has been just, upright, and honest, a friend of the working man. He was graduated from the old Taunton High School back in 1915. He received the position of elevator boy in the city hall and worked up. He went up and down many times but finally landed on the top floor. Opposed to Mayor Powers is Charles G. Nichols, inventor of the Metzford, a flying automobile with a Saxon-equipment. Mr. Nichols has been a great help to the community, having served as sheriff for fifteen years. With two such men as candidates, this city need not fear for good government."

The next page of the two-cent informant contained, "Notes—Personal and Impersonal." "Capt. Robert Mitchell of the U. S. Aviation Corps took a flying trip to this city. He had as passengers Miss Beatrice Phillips, Washington's leading society belle, and Miss Marjorie Lewis, associate editor of Harper's Weekly. Miss Bertha W. Salisbury sailed for Europe after three months' vacation in America. She will resume control of her extensive fashion parlors in Berlin. With her goes Miss Bessie Reagan who will head the millinery department of the Salisbury concern. Miss Reagan has made a name for herself while here and should win greater success in a still larger field." "Sporting Section." This heading widened my drooping eyelids. "The Taunton Feds. clash with the Dighton Nationals in the seventh and last game of the world series. "Cheese" Anthony, the mildest man in baseball, will lead the Feds. while "Pat" Cohen, the old high school star, will direct the Nationals. This should be a sizzler, for both managers are noted for their brainwork." I read the column with a longing for the past.

"Mr. Lynton Drinkwater, the famed tonsorialist, will open his new parlors at 18 West Water Street. He has engaged Miss Marion Murray, the expert manicurist, to file finger nails. Miss Murray is a charming young lady of forty summers and should be a beauty spot in his emporium. In addition, Mr. Drinkwater has bootblackening equipment which will be directed by Professor Cupitt, an expert." This announcement brought to my memory more of my friends.



I dropped the paper, lifted myself from the box on which I was seated and once more entered the busy district. In front of a large theatre was the advertisement: "All this week the greatest, original, twentieth century burlesque show of the age. Elliot S. Cornell, the funniest of them all, in his romping, rollicking, two-act farce, "Fun in a coal mine" supported by such clever performers as Mabel Ryan, Elsie Robinson, Allen Burns, and the Cheerful Alice Walton. A large chorus of pretty girls. Admission ten cents." I was surprised to see so many of my classmates on the stage.

Again I moved forward to be confronted with another poster which stated that Miss Grace Greene, Prima Donna, would give a recital at the Moulders' Building, Friday evening at eight. She would be assisted by the Misses Bennett, Carpenter, Crapo, Davies, and Nickerson, a chorus of excellent singers. Miss Marion Williams would preside at the piano with an orchestra consisting of the world-renowned artists, the Misses Sylvander, cornet; Edgar, clarinet; Levi, violin; Field, trombone; Rose, leader. This seemed to be a woman's party.

I was beginning to get tired of the continual promenade, so I decided to try my luck again on the soft bench of the park. As I was crossing the street, a large truck passed so close to me I could almost hear it breathe. On the sides of the horseless wonder I managed to discern the name painted in a large gold letters, "Clinton S. Leonard and Sons. Fruit and produce." Down a dark alley and into another busy street I wandered and picked up a circular that was flying about. "Lois Goss M. D. D. M. O. G. will open her office at the Dew Drop Inn on Saturdays and Sundays. She has a sure cure for mental disturbances and other deformities of the feet. Advice given free."

In one day I had brought back to my weak mentality the remembrances of my old school mates. I thought that this was the last, but to my amazement I saw in a window an advertisement which read, "B. Gertrude Murdock and Gladys A. Leonard, expert dancers; will give lessons, public or private, three times a week. Prices moderate, teaching expert. Appointments made with Miss M. Phillips, Manager." I reached the park without meeting my friend, the cop, and found my favorite bench. I slowly closed my eyes and went to sleep only to be rudely awakened by a familiar shake. "I'll get up," I cried. "Well you'd better, it's seven o'clock and time to get ready for school."

I slowly opened my eyes. Much to my surprise, instead of being in the arms of the police, I was comfortably nestled in the arms of my big Morris chair.



The following official bequests are made by the Seniors to under class men:

*Charles Bohio*:—My ever-occupied typewriter in Room 5A to Kaplan '16.

My oat-meal smile to Dickerman '18.

*Jim Gillon*:—My empty barber chair and my fine crop of porcupine quills to "Jeff" Baylies.

*Pat Cohen*:—My favorite green neck-tie to Charles Zucchi '16.

*Jake Braverman*:—My Joe Knowles hair-cut to Goldstein '17.

*Helen Rounseville*:—The quantity of water that I usually drink in the Annex at recess to Irene Appleton '16.

*M. E. Williams*:—The privilege of sampling the fruits in botany to Bessie Young '16.

*M. Nickerson*:—My ability to spell and also my little red dictionary to whoever may need it.

*C. Goodrich*:—My ability to preside over class meetings in Room I to H Cohen '16.

*H. Huntley*:—Permission to keep a rubbish and fruit stand to Babbitt '16.

*B. Reagan*:—My habit of eating candy every study period in Room I to Gladys Pepler '16.

*J. Anthony*:—My athletic ability to Tracy '18.

*Milburn Kusterer*:—To the best-natured Junior the office of filling Mr. Walker's affections for the next year.

*Edmund Flynn*:—My great height to White '16.  
My bashfulness to Church '17.

*Clinton Leonard*:—My ability to second motions at class meetings to some equally high-minded Junior.

- Melissa Dunn*:—My English themes and love of study to Jennie Dupont '16.  
My beloved Virgil and Latin Composition to Elzura Chandler '16.
- Mason Noyes*:—My numerous pencil stubs to H. Dickerman '18.
- Goodrich*:—My unparalleled skill in demolishing the High School to Fitzgerald '16 and to K. Leonard '17.
- Clarissa Bennett*:—My nine special seats and all my knowledge of law to Monica Lawlor.
- Samuel Grossman*:—My art in military training, together with all said property that pertains to same, to Howard Wilde '17.
- H. A. Needham*:—My knack of exporting fruit, nuts, flowers, etc., from the Botany class to Blood '16.  
My astronomical powers, that is the ability to discover who lives on Jupiter, to Wilde '17.
- Grace Greene*:—My solos in "The Lark" to Lillian Rogers '16.  
My privilege of staying at 12:50 to Edith Staples '16.
- D. Zacks*:—The Stylus Cash Book, check book, purse, and my ability to empty the latter to C. Wilbar '16.
- B. Salisbury*:—My afternoon tea parties with Mr. F. A. Walker to Miss Eloise Hubbard '16.  
My conversations with Miss Tinkham in French class to the Misses Allard and Chandler.
- Winifred Olendorf*:—To any poor unfortunate who chances to have as limber a tongue as I, the privilege of standing on the floor in Mr. Walker's room in full view of the room at the further end of the corridor.
- W. Swift*:—My place at the blackboard in Rev. Math. to Sears '16.  
My dignity to E. McAdam '16.
- Marjorie Leach*:—My invitations to Mr. Walker's tea parties to Miss White '16.
- B. Phillips*:—The piano on which my discords could be heard every Friday, and my discarded music to B. Young '16, on the condition that she will tune the buzzing notes.

*Cora Davies*:—My smile everlasting and my two pet extravagances, silk hosiery and strawberry shortcake, to Mona Rice '17.

*Elliott Cornell*:—My excessive height to Adin Brown of the Junior Class who in my mind is in urgent need of the same.

*Hattie Crapo*:—The most esteemed privilege of being Mr. Bitzer's private secretary to Miss Louise Carpenter.

*Ruth White*:—My position of long standing at the board near the library door in Room I to anyone so unfortunate as to be doomed to Advanced Algebra.

*G. Nickerson*:—The privilege of accepting Mr. Walker's invitation to reside temporarily in the front seat of the third row to Monica Lawlor '16.

*C. Moore*:—My personal defects to F. Curtin.

*Esther Hughes*:—All stray pencil sharpenings found around the right hand radiator in Room I to Miss Atkins' 17.

*Marion Eaton*:—My humorous translations of Virgil to Miss Lillian Marshall '17.

*Mildred Field*:—My extra fine marks in English to Laura Atwood '16.

*Marjorie Lewis*:—My position as Exchange Editor of the Stylus to D. Goodrich '16. We trust that she will not bankrupt the board with a vast correspondence.

*Ida Levi*:—My precious playthings including a whistle, climbing monkey, and a mouse to Louise Tyndal '17, knowing full well that the aforesaid articles will then be in good hands.

My ability to pass fudge around undetected in Room I to Doris Birtwell '18.

*Gertrude Lothrop*:—The platform in Miss Stone's room for the purpose of executing eloquent speeches to any easily fussed person in the class of 1916.

*James Wood*:—To my namesake, Wood, of the class of 1917, knowledge of Plane Geometry.



## The Faculty



F. ARTHUR WALKER.



CHARLES A. HATHAWAY.



FRED U. WARD.



FLORENCE H. STONE.



PEARL B. GRANT.





HELEN G. GILMAN.



FRED'K T. FARNSWORTH.



MARGARET F. HOUSTON.



A. BELLE YOUNG.



FRANCES R. FOSTER.



AUGUSTA E. STEWART



PAULINE FISK.



FRED A. HUNT.



HAZEL B. COLE.



ROSE G. DUNN.



MAY H. BAKER.



ROBERT BITZER.



RAYMOND T. WALKER.



FREDERICK W. HOWES.



EDITH M. WILLIAMS.



ERIK A. ANDERSON.



CADET OFFICERS, 1914-1915  
 LIEUTENANT GROSSMAN, CAPTAIN GOODRICH, MAJOR FLYNN, MAJOR DANFORTH (Instructor) LIEUTENANT MITCHELL,  
 CAPTAIN RAYMOND, ADJUTANT HUNTLEY, LIEUTENANT COLE, LIEUTENANT ROGERS.





OUR years ago, sixteen men of the class of 1915 joined the Taunton High School Cadets. Two more were added in the sophomore year, but the opening of school in the senior year found only six 1915 boys left in the organization. Whatever 1915 may have lacked in numbers, however, she more than made up in spirit, for her boys stand high in comparison with other classes, as regards both personal efficiency and effective team work. During the first three years, it was seldom that a drill passed without a prize going to 1915, and in all, eight medals have come into the clutches of Goodrich and Flynn, who had a monopoly of the jewelry business of the class. Early in 1914, five boys of 1915 were made corporals and as such took part in the junior prize drill of that year.

At the opening of school for their final term, our boys, now seniors, found Major Danforth after a two years' leave of absence once more "on deck" to drill them. The sturdy six, with the enthusiastic help of Major Danforth, at once instituted a vigorous "beating of the bush" for recruits, and their fondest hopes were realized when they secured an even 50 recruits. The total roster of the cadets now being eighty-three men, it became necessary to form a battalion. This was done, and, as the armory is too small to accommodate both companies, Co. A drilled Thursdays and Co. B Mondays.

To Major Danforth belongs the credit of making good soldiers out of the half a hundred recruits secured. With the smallest senior class in years and the largest number of recruits in the history of the school, the Cadets have succeeded in bringing their work to the same high standard of preceding years. This would have been utterly impossible without the best of instruction and drilling.

The social affairs of the organization have been both social and financial successes. The Cadets marched as usual on Memorial Day and also on the occasion of making the members of the G. A. R. honorary members of the U. S. W. V. They attended St. John's church in a body on Memorial Sunday. Following the example of last year's company they have instituted an exhibition drill for the senior class of the grammar schools. The spirit of the members is more lively with interest than often before, and it is this lively interest which assures the success of the Cadets both from a social and a military point of view.

The class of 1915 of the Cadets leaves the organization firm in the belief that its own spirit has become an asset of the entire Cadet body, and that while this spirit lives the Cadets will prosper. The class of 1916 has 1915's best wishes for a large battalion and a successful year.





As commencement week slowly approaches, the death knell of athletics for 1915 is slowly being tolled. Athletics have always had one feature which other school affairs have lacked and always will lack. When socials have failed to invigorate and enliven the youth, when military maneuvers have not accomplished their purpose, athletics have invariably taken the youth captive.

Taunton High has kept up its old standing both in football and baseball. In football we failed to win the championship, but we played many good games and won the majority. In baseball the record is even better than in football. Taunton has, up to the time of publication, lost only one of her league contestants, Attleboro. The other teams in the league have all suffered defeat at Taunton's hands. If we succeed in vanquishing the remaining teams in the return games, Taunton High should this year bring home the permanent championship of the Bristol County Interscholastic League.

#### FOOTBALL.

The football squad created a reputation which was envied by many teams that represented larger cities than Taunton. Out of eleven games played we lost only three, one of those being the fastest team in the East—St. John Preparatory School. The best they could do was to score one touch-down on Taunton's almost impregnable line. The hardest defeat of the year was at the hands of Brockton, our strongest rival. Taunton had a much lighter team but in spite of this we held them until the last forty seconds of play when Brockton scored a touchdown. Most prominent among Taunton's victories was that of Mechanics Art High. As this was a team of repute, we expected a defeat, but the result was 20-0 in our favor. Durfee High and Technical High were other good victories. Through the season Taunton scored a total of 175 points against the opponents' 39. Three of our men were picked for the "All Star" team of this section of the state. At the football banquet the boys were presented with "T" sweaters as a reward for their good work.



FOOT BALL 1914

JACKSON	HENRY	SNOW	NELSON	DOHERTY	SEARLE	MCVAY
RLOOD	MOORE	LUCEY	SMITH	ROSTER	SANFORD	LEONARD
LEARY	BAYLIS	GOODRICH	COHEN	ANTHONY	RIELLY	COACH HUNT
GILLON	NEEDHAM	LOCKHART	PEPLER	KING		SAVLES

Won.		Lost.
Stoughton,	41-0	St. John's Preparatory School, 6-0
Durfee High,	19-0	Durfee Technical, 12-0
Durfee Textile,	41-0	Brockton, 6-0
Technical High,	21-6	
Stoughton,	6-0	
Durfee High,	20-6	
Norwood,	7-3	
Mechanic Arts High,	20-0	

## BASEBALL.

Out of seventeen games played this season the baseball nine have won eleven, lost five, and tied one.

The team this year was but a fragmentary representation of last year's team, but Coach Hunt was not at all slow in summoning many raw recruits. The team has had a good financial season. The boys have recently been given sweat jackets which are an invaluable asset in playing.

Won.		Lost.
Morris Heights,	9-2	East Providence, 14-9
Bridgewater Normal,	11-10 (10 Innings)	Middleboro, 5-0
Middleboro,	17-7	Technical High, 12-4
Mansfield,	8-0	New Bedford, 3-0
Providence Classical,	20-3	Attleboro 15-14 (10 innings)
Durfee High,	13-0	
Attleboro,	11-5	
Brockton,	5-2	
Durfee High,	12-1	
North Attleboro,	6-3	
New Bedford,	10-0	

Tie.

St. George Preparatory School 3-3

## GLIMPSES OF FOOTBALL MEN.

Ex. Capt. Anthony of Football: Well, I wish we could have trimmed Brockton.

Capt. Cohen: If we don't make them all hustle next year, I miss my guess.

Goodrich: Inspiration was all I needed, and when she—I mean *it* wasn't at the game, why, no inspiration.

Moore: What care I how big be the man? They all look alike to me.

Leonard: Say, fellers, have you seen my friend? (After the game "Clint" you shouldn't be in search of the fair damsel.)







Sanford: I'll show them something next year.

Baylies: I may be little, but you know that saying about small packages.

Lucy: I don't think I'll wear a Tuxedo next season.

Smith: Gee, I'd like to play in the backfield.

Roster: I wish I hadn't sprained my ankle in that Stoughton game.

King: How am I playing, Mr. Hunt?

GLIMPSES OF BASEBALL MEN.

Ex. Capt. Anthony: I like those trips to Fall River because we always came back through North Dighton.

Wilde: Mr. Hunt, why do you call me "Smush?"

Needham: I wouldn't sleep nights if I didn't get a two-bagger.

Goodrich: I am attempting to convince the board of rules that in addition to my sun glasses I should have a vaulting pole.

King: I'll be the big boy next year.

Smith: I'm some hitter. And I can twirl some, too.

Hathaway: I'd rather tango at Dighton Rock than be out here in the hot sun pulling down the high ones.

Blood: Why don't they make a bigger fielder's mit?





1916 CLASS PLAY CAST.

FLYNN MITCHELL	ANTHONY STANTON	LEONARD MOORE	PHILLIPS	WRIGLE
MISS DUNN, COACH	BOLIO	ROSTER	CILLON	GODDRICH
GOOCH GODFREY	BASSETT	MURDOCK	SALISBURY	OLENDORF
			LEONARD	HAWLEY
			HUGHES	LOTHROP
			MISS COLE	COACH



## Class Ode

Words and Music by MARION LOUISA MURRAY

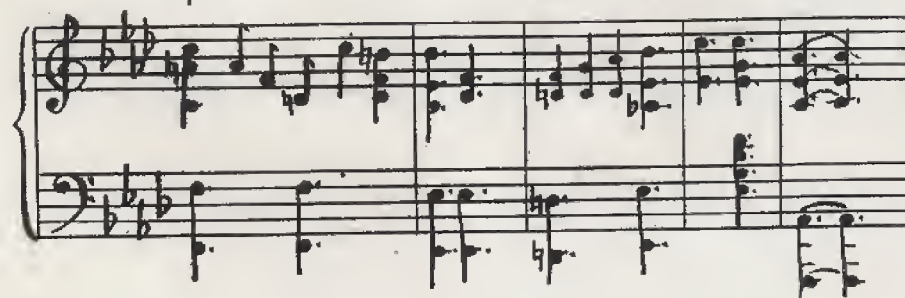
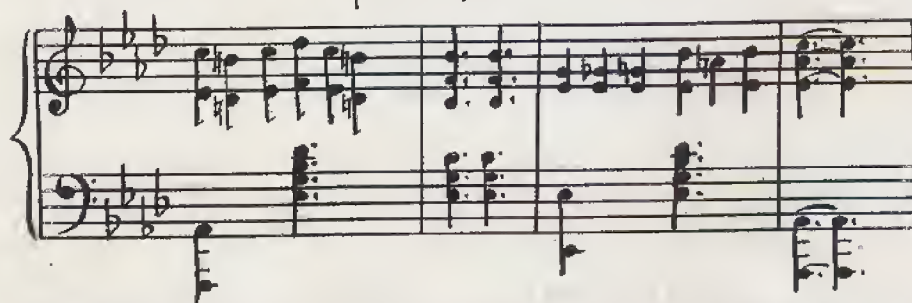
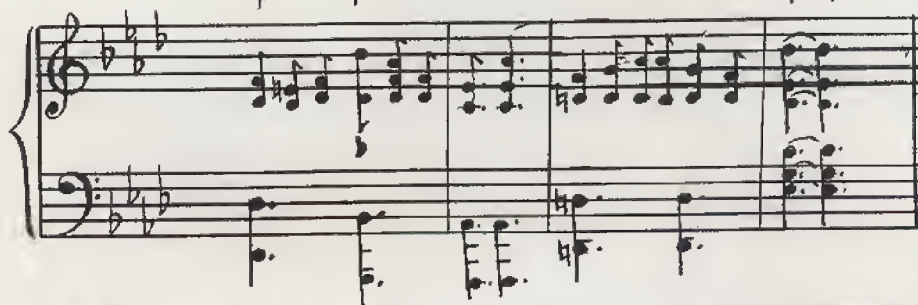
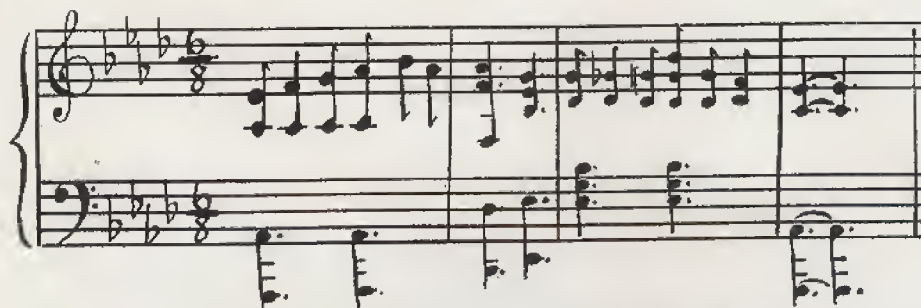
Spirit of Truth, thou hast led us  
Gently our pathway along;  
Happy and care-free our school days  
Gladdened by laughter and song.  
These now are o'er, but forever  
Memories fragrant will last,  
Giving us strength to press forward  
Breathing of days that are past.

Life's great school is before us;  
Faithful and true would we be,  
Learning with patience each lesson  
Till our reward we shall see.  
Spirit of truth, ever guide us  
Onward and upward each day;  
Ways untrod we must enter  
Led by thy bright cheering ray.

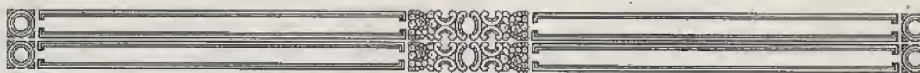
Straight be the road we shall travel  
Our path illumined by light;  
Working for glorious triumph,  
Conquering evil by right.  
High be our aim and our purpose  
Dauntless to do and to dare,  
Till on the heights victorious  
The laurel crown we shall wear.



## Class Ode







## The Faculty List

- FRED U. WARD. Bowdoin College. 1910.\*  
Principal.
- F. ARTHUR WALKER. University of Michigan. 1884.  
Mathematics.
- CHARLES A. HATHAWAY. Tufts. 1893.  
Science.
- FLORENCE H. STONE. Wellesley. 1899.  
English.
- PEARL B. GRANT. Brown University. 1901.  
History.
- HELEN G. GILMAN. Boston University. 1907.  
English, History.
- FREDERICK T. FARNSWORTH. Tufts. 1909.  
French, German.
- MARGARET F. HOUSTON. Boston University. 1911.  
French.
- A. BELLE YOUNG. Elmira Business College. 1911.  
Stenography.
- FRANCES R. FOSTER. Mt. Holyoke College. 1911.  
Latin.
- AUGUSTA E. STEWART. B. C. Business College. 1912.  
Typewriting.
- PAULINE Fisk. Brattleboro High School. 1912.  
Household Economics.
- FRED A. HUNT. Colby. 1913.  
Mathematics.
- HAZEL B. COLE. Colby. 1913.  
English.
- ROSE G. DUNN. Smith. 1913.  
English, History.
- MAY H. BAKER. Radcliffe. 1914.  
English, Latin.
- ROBERT BITZER. Burdett. 1914.  
Commercial.
- RAYMOND T. WALKER. Mass. Agricultural College. 1915.  
Science.

### Special Instructors

- NORRIS O. DANFORTH. Cadets.
- FREDERICK W. HOWES. Music.
- EDITH M. WILLIAMS. Drawing.
- ERIK A. ANDERSON. Manual Training.

\*Arranged, with the exception of the Principal, in the order of appointment.



## Senior Class 1915

Anthony, John David	Greene, Grace Madeline	†Phillips, Beatrice Lewis
Bassett, Sarah Elisabeth	Grigor, Helen Bosworth	Phillips, Everett Merle
Bennett, Clarissa Farnham	Grossman, Samuel	Phillips, Myrtis Isabel
†Bolio, Charles Dewey	Hall, Margaret Emilie	Powers, Arthur Edward
Braverman, Jacob	Hass, Pena Joseph	Powers, Walter Gerard
Burns, Allan Melville	Hawley, Katharine Deane	Pratt, Muriel Avis
Carpenter, Helen Robinson	Hughes, Esther Elizabeth	Raymond, Walter Francis
Clapp, Villia Hilton	††Huntley, Hubert Banks	Reagan, Bessie Catherine
Cohen, Philip	Kusterer, Milburn John	Robinson, Elsie Rachel
Colwell, Samuel Frederick	†Leach, Marjorie Emma	Rose, Mary
Cornell, Elliott Sanford	Leonard, Clinton Snow	Roster, Joseph Carlton
Crapo, Hattie A.	Leonard, Gladys Adelaide	Rounseville, Helen
†Cupitt, Graham Hunter.	†Levi, Ida	Rubin, Eva
Davies, Cora Elizabeth	†Lewis, Marjorie Louise	Ryan, Mabel Anna
Drinkwater, Lynton Le Seur	†Lindquist, Lavina I.	†Salisbury, Bertha Webster
†Dunn, Ellen Melissa	Lockhart, Charles Edward	††Searle, Mary Anne
†Eaton, Marion	†Lothrop, Gertrude Frances	††Stanley, Mary Parker
Edgar, Helen Gertrude	Mitchell, Robert Williamson	Stanton, William John
Field, Mildred Cooley	Moore, Clifton Robert	††Swift, George Whitney
††Flynn, Edmund Joseph	Murdock, Gertrude Barbara	†Sylvander, Mildred Anna
Gillon, James Raymond	Murray, Marion Louisa	†Taylor, Ruth Florence
†Godfrey, Esther	Needham, Herbert Arthur	Tinkham, Ruth Frances
Goff, Marion Winifred	Nichols, Charles J. Jr.	†Walton, Alice Putnam
†Gooch, Marjorie Eunice	Nickerson, Gladys Marion	†White, Ruth Loring
Goodrich, Charles Lyman	Nickerson, Hattie Maude	Williams, Marion Evelyn
Goodwin, William Joseph	Noyes, Mason Shaw	Wood, James Henry
Goodwin, Zelda Frances	††Olendorf, Winifred Helen	†Wright, Stuart Eldridge
Goss, Lois Marion		††Zacks, David

†Cum laude.

††Magna cum laude.

†††Summa cum laude.

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*Woodrow Wilson, at Pittsburgh, Oct. 24, 1914.*

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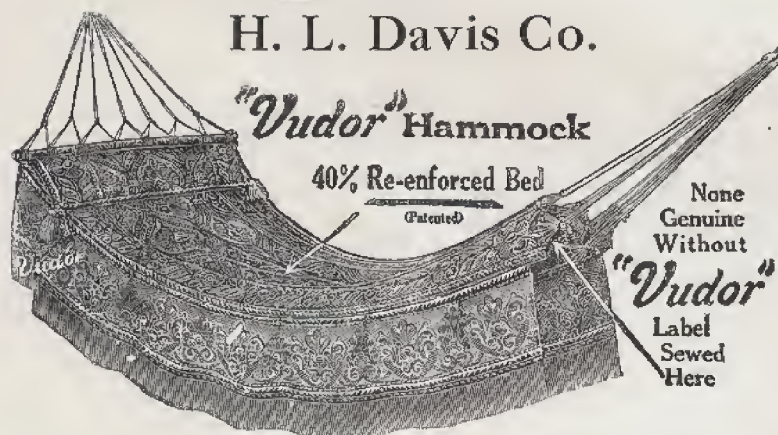




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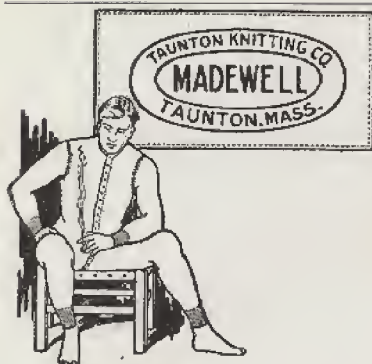
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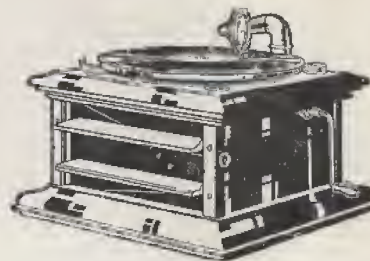
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